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tion. We are not pleased with the manner, in which he commences his work. He attempts to enumerate and define the various powers and operations of the mind. There is something very imposing in this method, and which must naturally lead inexperienced readers into error. They would be led to view the mind, not as an uncompounded substance, but as an assemblage of various parts, to which separate functions were allotted, and which had not an inseparable connexion with each other. Many writers on pneumatology have committed the same fault, and some have displayed their ingenuity in multiplying the number of original principles belonging to the mind. All such attempts are worse than useless. Instead of advancing mental philosophy, they serve rather to retard its progress, by introducing into it darkness and confusion.

ART. XX.—*Valerius, a Roman Story.* 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1821.

THIS novel confirms us in fears, which we have long entertained. While the author of *Waverly* confined himself to scenes of Scottish history, those who were subjected by him to the task of reading a tale in four volumes, every six months; who held their literary reputation, not to say their access to good company on the tenure of buying and perusing as fast as he could write, and Mr Constable could print,—consolated themselves with the idea, that the range of Scottish history would be soon exhausted. They had even the distinct assurance of this most remarkable author himself, that when they had despatched his three first works, in which the delineation of Scottish manners was intended to be brought down to the commencement of this century; they should be released from the domination of his spell, and allowed to plod on in the old routine of their professional authors. A general persuasion was cherished, that this interruption of the order of things was but temporary, and that the finest talents and rarest accomplishments of the age were not permanently to be consecrated to novel writing. The publication of *Kenilworth* finally dissipated this delusion, by transferring to pure English ground, English history, and English manners the same charm, which was supposed to be peculiar to associations with the other side of the Tweed; a charm so potent as to extend to the dialogues in broad lowland Scottish, which we, in imitation of the good

old father who believed because it was impossible, admired because we could not understand. Kenilworth, we consider, as having fairly broken down the main sea-dike; and we see not what is henceforward to protect any portion of history or tribe of men from the merciless inroads of this uncommon personage. Meantime, imitators are rapidly springing up, who are following the hint, and pushing their fortunes in all directions; and we have here before us a tale of great interest and beauty, of which the scene is placed at Rome in the days of Trajan.

To review all the good novels, poems, and sketch-books that come out, is wholly impossible. We have given up the undertaking long since, in despair. And they pass, moreover, so much more extensively and rapidly into the hands of the reading community than our own speculations, that the task would be as useless as difficult. With several more interesting works, therefore, of this department unnoticed, we beg leave to call the attention of our readers to *Valerius*, as a novel, not so well adapted, perhaps, in the choice of subject, as others of the same class for general reading; but strongly entitled to notice, for the high degree of respectability with which it is executed.

Caius Valerius, the hero of the story, is the son of a Roman soldier, who, having espoused a British wife, during his campaigns in Britain, under Vespasian and Titus, returned to this island from the intrigues of Rome to end his days. His son, Caius Valerius, our hero, was therefore educated in Britain, and the story commences with his being summoned to Rome by Licinius, his relative, a popular jurisconsult and orator of the day, in order to receive a rich inheritance, which had descended to him. Valerius sails with Boto, a British slave, on board a tin ship, up the straights of Hercules to Ostia, and on the voyage forms the acquaintance of Sabinus, a centurion, who is also returning to Rome, and who plays a considerable part in the action.

The business of the story begins with the arrival of the hero at Rome. But having invariably found those reviews of novels rather dull, in which a minute historical analysis is given of the work, we shall profit by the experience, and not fall into the error; but present our readers with a brief account of the author's plan, and a few interesting extracts.

The author's general plan is to introduce the reader to the

public and private life of the Romans, by the instrumentality of a tale, which should carry him through many of its most characteristic and curious scenes. Upon the whole, we think he has not managed with perfect skill in weaving his plot into his manners ; and as we shall presently see, he makes great inroads into historical probability, for the sake of bringing a succession of pictures from Roman life before the reader's eye. Among the principal sketches are the profession of a lawyer and the pleadings in the court of the Centumviri. These are fairly introduced, for the errand which brings Valerius to Rome is his succession to an inheritance, and Licinius, his kinsman, is the lawyer and orator, to whose person these details are attached. Then we have a picture of the country life of the Romans, as led in their suburban villas. This, however, scarcely extends beyond a description of their gardens ; while a philosophical conversation between two noble Romans and the Greek rhetoricians, that are in their service, is intended to represent the tone of polite and cultivated intercourse. In general, the character of the mercenary Greek pedagogue is one of the prominent pictures from Roman life, on which the author has seized, and his treatment of it is not unsuccessful. Xerophastes, whose name, for the benefit of our fair readers, means much the same as *Dryproser*, is a philosopher of the Stoic school, employed by Licinius as the instructor of his son Sextus. His stoical philosophy is made to contrast ludicrously with his sensuality, cowardice, and adulation ; though, we think, in making him an object of the coquetry of the lady Rubellia, the author has exceeded the bounds of probability. We shall take occasion, before the close of our article, to quote a very spirited scene between the worthy Xerophastes and Rubellia.

Another picture, on which our author has lavished much care, is the description of the amphitheatre, and of the contests of the wild beasts. There is a great deal of learning in this portion of the work, not ostentatiously displayed upon the surface, but thoroughly wrought into the texture. We think the following description of the confusion of the throng around the amphitheatre written with great spirit and effect.

‘ Musing and meditating thus, it was no wonder, that I, who knew so little of Rome, should have soon wandered from the straight way to the home of my kinsman. In truth, but that I at last caught, at the turning of a street, a glimpse of the Flavian

Amphitheatre, which I had before passed on my way from the feast of Rubellia, and of which I had been hearing and thinking so much during my visit to the quarters of the Prætorians, I might, perhaps, have been long enough discovering whereabouts I was. I had a pretty accurate notion of the way from that grand edifice to the house of Licinius, and therefore moved towards it immediately, intending to pass straight down from thence into the Sacred Way. But when I came close to the amphitheatre, I found that, surrounded on all sides by a city of sleep and silence, that region was already filled with all manner of noise and tumult, in consequence of the preparations which had begun to be made for the spectacles of the succeeding day. The east was just beginning to be streaked with the first faint blushes of morning; but the torches and innumerable lanterns, in the hands of the different workmen and artificers employed there, threw more light than was sufficient to give me an idea of all that was going forwards. On one side, the whole way was blocked up with a countless throng of wagons; the conductors of which, almost all of them Ethiopians and Numidians, were lashing each others horses, and exchanging, in their barbarous tongues, violent outcries of, I doubt not, more barbarous wrath and execration. The fearful bellowings that resounded from any of the wagons, which happened to be set in motion amidst the choking throng, intimated that savage beasts were confined within them; and when I had discovered this, and then regarded the prodigious multitude of the wagons, I cannot say what horror came over me at thinking what cruel sights, and how lavish in cruelty were become the favorite pastimes of the most refined of people. I recognized the well-known short deep snort of the wild boar, and the long hollow bark of the wolf; but a thousand fierce sounds, mingled with these, were equally new and terrific to my ears. One voice, however, was so grand in its notes of sullen rage, that I could not help asking a soldier, who sate on horseback near me, from what wild beast it proceeded. The man answered, that it was a lion; but then what laughter arose among some of the rabble, that had overheard my interrogation; and what contemptuous looks were thrown upon me, by the naked negroes, who sate grinning in the torch light on the tops of their carriages. Then one or two of the soldiers would be compelled to ride into the midst of the confusion to separate some of these wretches, fighting with their whips about precedence in the approaching entrance to the amphitheatre; and then it seemed to me that the horses could not away with the strong sickly smell of some of the beasts, that were carried there, for they would prance and caper, and rear on end, and snort as if panic struck, and dart themselves towards the other side; while some of the riders were thrown off in the midst of the tumult, and

others, with fierce and strong bits, compelled the frightened or infuriated animals to endure the thing they abhorred; in their wrath and pride, forcing them even nearer than was necessary to the hated wagons. In another quarter, this close mingled pile of carts and horses was surmounted by the enormous heads of elephants, thrust high up into the air, some of them with their huge lithe trunks lashing and beating (for they too, as you have heard, would rather die, than snuff in the breath of these monsters of the woods,) while the tiaraed heads of their leaders would be seen tossed to and fro by the contortions of those high necks, whereon for the most part they had their sitting places. There was such a cry of cursing, and such a sound of whips and cords, and such blowing of horns, and whistling and screaming; and all this mixed with such roaring, and bellowing and howling from the savage creatures within the caged wagons, that I stood, as it were aghast and terrified, by reason of the tumult that was round about me.' vol. i. pp. 190—195.

But the portion of the manners, history, and character of the age, on which the author has bestowed the most care, is the persecution of the christians under Trajan. The celebrated correspondence between Pliny and Trajan, which is thrown, by way of illustration, into a note at the close of the work, serves as the ground work of the representations he has given. The plot, moreover, is made to turn wholly on events resulting from this persecution. We fear a portion of our readers have been a little disconcerted to find us advancing so fast in our account of a novel, and to have mentioned the hero three or four times, without having said any thing of a heroine. By way of *amende*, therefore, we hasten to assure them that there is a heroine to the story, and will presently introduce them to her, by an extract. Sextus, the son of Licinius, being of nearly the same age as Valerius, our hero, naturally falls into a close intimacy and confidence with him. Sextus is designed by his father as the second husband of Rubellia, a rich, youthful, and beautiful widow, whom we have already named; but the young Roman is already enslaved, by the fair Sempronia. To the country house of the father of Sempronia he takes occasion to steal away from the forum, and carries his friend Valerius with him. It is unnecessary to say that Sempronia's cousin, the pensive Athanasia, becomes the mistress of Valerius, and the heroine of the book.

'To this reproach I made no reply, but Capito immediately began to recite some noble verses of a hymn of Callimachus, in

which both the Greeks joined him; nor could any thing be more delightful than the deep rolling grandeur of those harmonious numbers. A sudden exclamation of Sextus, however, ere long interrupted their recitation, and Capito, looking up a long straight pathway, leading from the villa, said, "Come, Valerius, we shall soon see whether you or Sextus is the more gallant to living beauties, for here come my two nieces, Athanasia and Sempronia; and I assure you, I don't know of which of them I am the more proud. But Sempronia has indeed more of the Diana about her, so it is probable she may find a ready slave in our friend Sextus."

'We advanced to meet the young ladies who were walking slowly down the avenue, and their uncle having tenderly saluted them, soon presented us to their notice. Sextus blushed deeply when he found himself introduced to Sempronia, while in her smile, although she looked at him as if to say she had never seen him before, I thought I could detect a certain half-suppressed expression of half-disdainful archness, the colour in her cheeks at the same time being not entirely unmoved. She was indeed a very lovely girl, and in looking on her light dancing play of beautiful features, I could easily sympathise with the young raptures of my friend. Her dress was such as to set off her charms to the utmost advantage, for the bright green of her Byssine robe, although it would have been a severe trial to any ordinary complexion, served only to heighten the delicious brilliancy of hers. A veil, of the same substance and colour, was richly embroidered all over with flowers of silver tissue, and fell in flowing drapery well nigh down to her knees. Her hair was almost entirely concealed by this part of her dress, but a single braid of the brightest nut-brown was visible, low down on her polished forehead. Her eyes were as black as jet, and full, as I have already hinted, of a nymph-like or Arcadian vivacity. Altogether, indeed, she was such a creature, as the Tempe of the poets need not have been ashamed to shelter beneath the most luxurious of its bowers.'

'The other young lady—it is Athanasia of whom I speak—she was not a dazzling beauty like Sempronia, but beautiful in such a manner as I shall never be able to describe. Taller than her cousin, and darker haired than she, but with eyes rather light than otherwise, of a clear, soft, somewhat melancholy grey, and with a complexion for the most part paler than is usual in Italy, and with a demeanor hovering between cheerfulness and innocent gravity, and attired with a vestal simplicity in the old Roman tunic, and cloak of white cloth, it is possible that most men might have regarded her less than the other; but for my part I found her aspect the more engaging the longer I surveyed it. A single broad star of diamonds, planted high up among her black hair, was the only ornament of jewelry she wore, and it shone there in

solitary brightness, like the planet of evening. Alas! I smile at myself that I should take notice of such trifles, in describing the first time I ever gazed on Athanasia.

‘At the request of the younger lady, we all returned to the grotto, in the neighbourhood of which, as I have already mentioned, our tasteful host had planted the rarest of his exotic plants, some of which Sempronia was now desirous of inspecting. As we paced again slowly over those smooth shaven alleys of turf, and between those rows of yew and box, clipped into regular shapes, which abounded in this more artificial region of the place, the conversation, which the appearance of the two beauties had disturbed, was resumed; although, as out of regard to their presence, the voices of the disputants pursued a lower and milder tone than before,—a natural mark of respect (by the way) to the gentleness of female spirits, which we must all have remarked on many occasions.’ vol. i, pp. 97—101.

After relating this conversation, the author pursues.

‘There was a certain something, as I thought, more like suppressed melancholy than genuine hilarity, in the expression of the old man’s face, as well as in the tone of his voice, while he gave utterance to these sentiments; nor did any of those present appear desirous of protracting the argument; although I did not imagine from their looks that any of them had altered their opinion. What, however, I could not help remarking, in a particular manner, was the gentle regret painted in the beautiful countenance of Athanasia, while her uncle was speaking. The maiden sat over against him all the while, with her cheek supported on her left hand, pale and silent, with an expression of deep affection and tender pity. From time to time, indeed, she cast her eye upward with a calm smile, but immediately resumed her attitude of pensive abstraction. Her uncle took her hand in his, when he had done speaking, and kissed it tenderly, as if to apologize for having said any thing disagreeable to her. She smiled again upon the sceptic, and then rising gracefully, walked by herself (for I could not help following her with my eye) down into a dark walk of pines, that branched off at the right hand from the entrance of the grotto. There I saw her stoop and pluck a beautiful pale flower, streaked all over as with spots of blood. This she placed in her bosom, and then rejoined us with a more cheerful aspect, after which we all walked towards the villa. Nor did it escape my notice, that, although Sempronia appeared willing to avoid Sextus as we went, it always happened by some accident or other, that he was nearer to her than any other person of the company.’ vol. i, pp. 106—108.

This flower, which is thus mysteriously plucked by Athanasia, is the passion flower, the emblem of the christian faith, and the favorite flower of the early christians; and the reader doubtless already suspects, that the fair Athanasia is a convert to the persecuted religion. This is actually the case. Unknown to her friends or even her cousin Sempronia, she has been baptized as a christian, and the consequences of this circumstance furnish the chief incidents of the plot. Among the exhibitions of the amphitheatre, for which the preparations already alluded to were making, was the arraignment and condemnation of Thraso, a Syrian, a soldier in the armies of Titus and Vespasian, and a christian. The circumstances of his trial, and indeed of the whole scene in the amphitheatre, are among the best portions of the book. The following is the description of Thraso in prison.

‘Now, when we had entered into the guard room, we found it crowded with spearmen of Sabinus’ band, some of whom were playing at dice, others carousing jovially, and many wrapped up in their mantles asleep upon the floor; while a few only were sitting beneath the porch, with their spears in their hands, and leaning upon their bucklers. From one of the elder of these, the Centurion, after having drawn him aside out of the company, made inquiry straightway, concerning the names and conditions of the prisoners, and whether as yet they had received any intelligence of that, which was to come to pass on the morrow. The soldier, who was a grave man, and well stricken in years, made answer, “that of a surety the men were free born and of a decent estate, and that he had not heard of any thing else being laid to their charge, excepting that which concerned their religion. Since they have been here,” he continued, “I have been several times set on watch over them, and twice have I lain with one of them in his dungeon; yet have I heard no complaints from any of them, for in all things they are patient. One of them only is to suffer to-morrow, but for him I am especially concerned, for he was known to me of old, having served often with me, when I was a horseman in the army of Titus, all through the war of Palestine, and at the siege of Jerusalem.”

“And of what country is he?” said Sabinus. “Is he also a Roman?” “No, sir,” answered the spearman, “he is no Roman, but he was of a troop of the allies, that was joined oftentimes to our legion, and I have seen him bear himself on the day of battle, as well as any Roman of us all. He is by birth a Greek of the sea-coast; but his mother was of the nation of the Jews, and he was brought up from his youth according to their law.”

“And yet, although the son of a Jewess, he was with us, say you, at the siege of Jerusalem?”

“Even so,” replied the man, “and not he only, but many others; for the Jews, you know, were divided against themselves; and of all them that were christians, it was said, that not one abode in the city, or gave help to defend it. For, as this man himself hath sworn to me, the oracles of the christians, and their prophets, had of old given warning that the city must fall into the hands of Cæsar, by reason of the wickedness of that people. Wherefore, when we set our camp over against Jerusalem, these men all passed out from the city, with their wives and children, and dwelt safely in the mountainous country, until all things were fulfilled. But some of these young men fought in our camp, and did good service, because the place was known to them, and they had acquaintance with all the secrets of the rock. Of these, this man was one. He and all his household had departed from the ancient religion of the Jews, and were believers in the doctrines of the christians, for which cause he is to suffer on the morrow; and of that, although I have not spoken to him this evening, I think he has already received some intelligence, for certain of his friends passed in to him, and they covered their faces as they went in, as if weeping.” “Are these friends still with him?” said Sabinus.

“Yes,” answered he, “for I must have seen them had they come forth again. Without doubt, the two women are still with him in his dungeon.”

“Women?” quoth Sabinus; “and of what condition think you they may be?”

“That I know not,” replied the soldier; “for, as I have said, they walked in, muffled in their mantles. But one of them, at least, is a Roman, for I heard her speak to him, that is by the door of the dungeon.”

“How long is it,” said the centurion, “since they went into the prison?” “More than an hour,” replied the soldier looking at the water clock that stood beneath the porch; “and if they be christians, they are not yet about to depart, for they never separate without singing together, which is their favorite manner of worship.”

He had scarcely uttered these words, when the soldiers that were carousing within the guard-room became silent, and we heard the voices of those that were in the dungeon singing together in a sweet and lowly manner. “Ah, sir!” said the old soldier, “I thought it would be even so; there is not a spearman in the land that would not willingly watch here a whole night, could he be sure of hearing that melody. Well do I know that soft voice; hear now, how she sings by herself—and there again, that deep strong note—that is the voice of the prisoner.”

"Hush!" quoth the centurion; "heard you ever any thing half so divine? Are these words Greek or Syrian?"

"What the words are, I know not," said the soldier: "but I know the tune well. I have heard it played many a night with hautboy, and clarion, and dulcimer, on the high walls of Jerusalem, while the old city was beleaguered." "It is some old Jewish tune then," said Sabinus; "I knew not those barbarians had half so much art."

"Why, as for that, sir," replied the man, "I have been all over Greece and Egypt, to say nothing of Italy, and I never heard any music like that music of the Jews. Why, when they came down to join the battle, their trumpets sounded so gloriously, that we wondered how it was possible for them ever to be driven back; and then, when their gates were closed, and they sent out to beg their dead, they would play such awful notes of lamentation, that the plunderers stood still to listen, and their warriors were delivered to them with all their mail, as they had fallen."

"And the christians also," said Sabinus, "had the same tunes?"

"Oh yes, sir—why for that matter, these very tunes may have been among them, for aught we know, since the beginning of their nation. I have stood sentinel with this very man, and seen the tears run down his cheek by the star-light, when he heard the music from the city, as the Jewish captains were going their rounds upon the battlements."

"But this surely," said the centurion, "is no warlike melody."

"I know not," quoth the soldier, "whether it be or not, but I am sure it sounds not like any music of sorrow; and yet what plaintive tones are in the part of that female voice!"

"The bass sounds triumphantly, in good sooth."

"Ah sir, but that is the old man's own voice. I am sure he will keep a good heart to the end, even though they should be singing their farewell to him. Well, the emperor loses a good soldier, the hour old Thraso dies. I wish to Jupiter he had not been a christian, or had kept his religion to himself. But as for changing now, you might as well think of persuading the prince himself to be a Jew, as to talk to Thraso about that."

"That last strain, however," quoth Sabinus, "has ended their singing. Let us speak to the women as they come out, and if it be so, that the man is already aware of what is to be done to-morrow, I see not why we should trouble him with entering his cell. He has but a few hours to live, and I would not willingly disturb him." vol. i, pp. 161—168.

Such is the description of the person who is soon to be brought forth and arraigned in the amphitheatre, in presence of its mighty crowd of all the gay, idle, and curious of Rome, in presence of the emperor Trajan himself. The trial of

Thraso is preceded by the contests of the gladiators, and we have to regret that our limits do not allow us to present our readers with the description of them, distinguished as it is for its spirit, learning, and ease. After the contests of the gladiators are over, succeeds the more pathetic scene of the trial and condemnation of Thraso. We are aware that there is ancient authority for the burning of the christians in the gardens of Nero ; and the test of christianity,—the refusal to sacrifice to the heathen divinities—is happily made the occasion by our author, of introducing a most pompous description of the Roman worship. Though we feel diffident, from mere general recollection, of calling in question the accuracy of a person, who has evidently studied the Roman antiquities with a view to the preparation of this work, yet we are not prepared to admit the historical truth of introducing before the Roman people in the amphitheatre, and in sight of the emperor, a capital punishment by the hands of the executioner. We cannot deny ourselves, however, the gratification of extracting a passage from this part of the narrative. The scene opens with the performance of the sacrifice, in which the christian refuses to unite.

‘Then arose the prefect of the city, who had his place immediately under the chair of the prince, and said in a voice, which, although not loud, was distinctly heard all through the amphitheatre,—“Thraso, of Antioch, being accused of blasphemy and contempt for the gods, has been brought hither, either to refute this charge, by doing homage at the altar of Jupiter Best and Greatest; or persisting in his rebellion against Rome, and the prince, and the religion of the state, to suffer openly the punishment, which the laws of the state have affixed to such perversity—let him remain where he is, until the Flamens invite us all to join in the sacrifice.”’

‘Then Thraso, hearing these words, stepped forth into the middle of the arena, and folding his arms upon his heart, stood there composedly, without once lifting up his eyes, either to the place from which the prefect had spoken to him, or to any other region of the amphitheatre. The situation in which he stood was such, that I commanded, where I sate, a full and distinct view of every movement of the old man’s countenance, and assuredly my eyes were in no danger of being directed away from him. For a few moments there was perfect silence throughout the assembly ; until at length, the same herald, who had previously spoken, made proclamation for the doors to be thrown open, that the priests of Jupiter might have access to the arena. Whereupon there was

heard forthwith a noise, as of the turning of some heavy machinery, and a part of the ground-work of the arena itself appeared to be giving way, right over against that quarter in which Thraso had his station. But of this the purpose was soon manifested when there arose from underneath into the space thus vacated, a certain wooden stage, or platform, covered all over with rich carpetings, whereof the centre was occupied by a marble altar, set forth already with all the usual appurtenances of sacrifice, and surmounted on one side by a gigantic statue of bronze, in which it was easy to recognize all the features of the great Phidian Jupiter. Neither had the altar any sooner made its appearance there, and the sound of the machinery, by which its great weight had been lifted, ceased to be heard, than even as the herald had given command, the main gates of the amphitheatre were expanded, and thereby a free passage prepared for the procession of the Flamens. With that, all those that were present in the amphitheatre arose from their seats and stood up, and a sweet symphony of lutes and clarions ushered in the sacred band to the place appointed for them. And, first of all, there marched a train of fifty beautiful boys, and then an equal number of young maidens, all, both boys and maidens, arrayed in white tunics, and having their heads crowned with oaken garlands, and bearing in their hands fresh branches of the oak tree, which, above all the other trees of the forest, is, as you have heard and well know, held dear and sacred to Jupiter. Then these youthful bands were separated, and they arranging themselves, the boys on the right, and the girls on the left hand of the altar, some of them standing on the arena itself, and others on either side, upon the steps of the platform whereon the altar was fixed; and beautiful, indeed, was their array, and comely and guiltless were their looks; and much modesty was apparent, both in the downcast eyes and closed lips, with which some of them stood there to await the issue of their coming, and in the juvenile admiration wherewith others of them were regarding the wide and splendid assemblage around them; insomuch, that I could not but feel within myself a certain dread and fearfulness, when I saw the feet of so many tender and innocent ones placed there upon the same hot and guilty sand, which had so often drunk the blood of fierce beasts and cruel malefactors—alas! which had drunk the blood of the innocent also—and which was yet to drink thereof abundantly.

‘And after them there came in the priests themselves of Jupiter, arrayed in the white garments of sacrifice, walking two by two, the oldest and principal of them coming last. And behind them again, were certain younger assistants, clothed also in white, who led by a cord of silk inwrought with threads of silver, a milk-white steer, without spot or blemish, whose horns were already

gilt, and his broad brows crowned with oak leaves and roses. And last of all entered the vestal virgins, none of whom had ever before been seen by me, and they also walked two by two; and no one could contemplate, without veneration, the majesty of their demeanor. With broad fillets were they bound around the forehead, and deep flowing veils hung down to their feet, entirely covering their faces and their hands; nevertheless their dignity was apparent; and it was not the less impressive by reason of the great mystery, in which all things about them appeared to be enveloped. Imagine therefore, to yourselves, how magnificent was the appearance of all things, when youths and damsels, and priests and vestals had taken their places, according to the custom of their sacred observances; and all that innumerable company of spectators yet standing up in the amphitheatre, the choral-hymn was begun, in which every voice there was united, except only that of Thraso, the christian. Now it was the soft low voices of the young maidens that sounded, and then these would pause, and give place to the clearer and more piercing notes of the boys that stood on the other side of the altar; then again the priestesses of Vesta would break in from afar with their equable harmony; and anon these in their turn ceasing, the Flamens of Jupiter would lift up their strong deep chanting, until at the appointed signal from him that stood on the highest step of the altar, with the cup of libation in his hand, the whole people that were present burst in and joined in the rushing stream of the burden,—"Jupiter, Jupiter, hear us!—hear us, Father of gods and men!" while the wine was poured out, gushing red upon the marble, and the incense flung on high from fifty censers, rolled its waves of smoke over the surface of the arena, and quite up to the gorgeous canopy of that resounding amphitheatre. Magnificent, indeed, was the spectacle, and majestic the music; yet in the midst of it, how could I take away my eyes from the pale and solitary old man, by reason of whose presence alone all these things were so? With calm eyes did he regard all the pageantry of those imperial rites,—with closed lips did he stand amidst all the shouting multitudes. He bowed not his head; he lifted not up his hand; neither would he bend his knee, when the victim was slain before the horns of the altar; neither would he in any thing give semblance of being a partaker in the worship.' vol. i. pp. 264—271.

The cry of the infuriate populace in the amphitheatre, on witnessing the firmness with which Thraso refuses to join in the sacrifice, is finely conceived.

'Then the prefect, and all those round about Trajan, sat down, and there was a deep silence throughout the lower region of the amphitheatre, where, for the most part, they of condition were

placed ; but when the rabble, that sat above, beheld the stern and resolute countenance with which the old man stood there on the arena, it seemed as if they were enraged thereby beyond measure, and there arose among them a fierce uproar and a shouting of hatred ; and amidst groans and hisses, there was a cry from innumerable voices, of “ Christian ! Christian !—Blasphemer ! Blasphemer !—Atheist ! Atheist !—A tiger ! A tiger !—Let loose a tiger upon the Christian ! ” ’

The incantations of Pona, a very disciple and image of Canidia, furnish our author with an opportunity of describing another portion of the Roman superstitions. Pona is employed by the lady Rubellia to prepare charms and philters, by which the affections of Sextus may be averted from Sempronia and secured to Rubellia herself. Dromo, a Cretan, the slave of Sextus, faithful to the cunning of his country, and the impertinence of his calling as the favorite domestic of a young nobleman, having accidentally become aware of the dealings of Rubellia with the sorceress, undertakes to watch and frustrate her enchantments. We shall make an extract from a passage, in which the latter are described, as it will not only, we are sure, afford our readers pleasure, but convince them of the skill with which the author has enriched his work, by the appropriation of the various topics, which our limited acquaintance with Roman antiquities affords.

‘ I crept down to the low wall at his bidding, and, looking over it, perceived that the ground sunk very deeply on the other side ; but just at that moment the moon passed behind a thick veil of clouds, so that I could not distinctly see any thing below. It seemed, however, as if the eyes of the Cretan were better than mine, for as he knelt by my side, he seized my wrist with an eager and tremulous gripe, and continued to gaze downwards into the hollow, with an earnestness, the cause of which I could by no means understand. At length the cloud rolled away and the moonbeams, falling brightly on the surface beneath, discovered to my view what it was, that had so effectually rivetted the eyes of the slave.

‘ The ground there was more desolate of aspect than any part of that which we had traversed—stoney and hard, with here and there tufts of withered fern, and a few straggling bushes of thorn, growing out of the ungenial soil. And immediately below the wall over which we were leaning, two human figures were visible ;—wild, uncouth figures, even more desolate than the place in which they appeared. The one of them was sitting on the

ground, wrapped in a dark cloak, which entirely concealed the countenance, and even the sex of the wearer. The other was a half-naked boy, holding in a string a little new shorn lamb, which with one of his hands he continually stroked and caressed; but his eyes seemed to be fixed steadfastly upon the sitting figure, as if waiting for some signal or command. Nor was it long before that sitting figure arose, and throwing away the cloak, displayed the grey tangled tresses of an old woman, and two strong bony arms, one of which was stretched forth with an impatient gesture towards the stripling, while the other was pointed upwards to the visible moon.

“Strike,” said she, “silly boy—now strike, and strike deeply, and beware lest any of the blood tinge your feet or your hands!”

‘Low and dismal was the note in which these words were uttered; but I heard them as distinctly as if they had been thundered, and I recognized at once the voice of the same old woman that had attracted my notice in the morning, at the foot of the Palatine.

‘The boy, hearing the words of Pona, drew forth instantly a knife from his bosom, whose glittering blade was forthwith buried at one blow in the throat of the yearling, and it was then first that I perceived a small ditch dug between the boy and the woman, into which, the lamb’s throat being held over it, the blood of the innocent creature was made to drop, from the fatal wound it had received. So surely had the blow been given, that not one faint bleat escaped from the slaughtered animal, and so deeply, that the blood flowed in a strong stream, dashing audibly upon the bottom of the receiving trench. And while it was yet dropping so, the old woman muttering to herself a sort of chant, of which I could understand nothing, showered from her girdle or lap, into the trench, I know not what of bones, or short sticks, mingled with leaves and roots, which afterwards she seemed to be stirring about in the blood, with one of the tall strong stems of the fern that grew there; and then flinging the bloody fern-stem itself into the ditch, she raised the chant higher, and I heard such words as these, wild and broken, like the note in which they were sung—

“Bleeds not here in place forlorn,
The spotless yearling newly shorn?
Lies not here within the trench,
Moisten’d with the yearling’s gore
Brittle bone
Of hoary crone,
With strong bone of lusty wench,
Crumbling, crumbling even more?
Queen of heaven, from out thy cloud,
Look while the owl is hooting loud,
That wandering ghost and shivering sprite,
May fear to mock my charm to-night.

"Now the bird that sings for thee,
 Sings from the topmost cypress tree :
 Drearly now the screech-owl hoots,
 Well she knows that we have torn
 The blessed hemlock by the roots.
 Hark her cry ;
 The dark leaves lie
 In the blood of the new-shorn.—
 Bone, and root, and yearling's blood,
 Curdle round the wounded sod :—
 Look, Hecate, while the night-bird screams,
 Wake for us the world of dreams."

'And whether it were from the hideous croaking of the voice in which these strange words were sung, or from the squalidness of the scene and the persons before me, or from some infection of the terror with which Dromo was sensibly inspired by what he saw and heard, this indeed I know not ;—but it is certain that I did not hear out this haggard creature's chant without some feelings, I shall not say of fear, yet without question, of a very unpleasant nature. The wildness of the gestures of the old woman was such, that I could not doubt that she herself had some faith in the efficacy of the foul and cruel charms to which she had resorted ; nor could I see her stirring that trench of innocent blood, without remembering, with an instinctive horror, the still more ruthless charms, whose practice the poets of Italy have ascribed to such hoary enchantresses. The dreariness of the midnight wind, too, as it whistled along the bare and sterile soil around us, and the perpetual variations in the light, by reason of the careering of those innumerable clouds, and the remembrance of the funereal purposes, for which, as it seemed, all this region was set apart. The whole of this together produced, I know not how, a certain pressure upon the spirits, and I confess to you, I felt, as I was kneeling there by the side of the Cretan, as if I owed him no great thanks for having brought me that night beyond the Capene Gate. Here, however, I was, and there was no escaping without seeing the thing out. I therefore nerved myself as well as I could, and, returning the pressure of Dromo's hand, continued to keep my eye fixed on the mysterious group before me.

'It seemed as if the goddess, to whom the witch's song had been addressed, did not listen to it with any very favorable ear ; for the outward sign at least, for which it had petitioned, was so far from being granted, that, in the conclusion of the chant, the clouds gathered themselves over the face of the planet more thickly than ever, while, instead of any atoning gifts of revelation, the wind howled only more loudly than before among the tombs and the grass, and the half-scared owl sent up a feebler and more uncertain hooting from her melancholy roost. In spite of all this, notwithstanding, the old woman continued, so far as

we could see, in the same attitude of expectation with which she had concluded her song, and the poor stripling, her attendant, still held the well nigh drained throat of his murdered lamb above the abominable trench. By degrees, however, the patience of both seemed to be exhausted ; for there arose between them an angry altercation, which shewed that each was willing to throw upon the other the failure of the common incantation.

"Infernal brat of Hades!" quoth the witch, "look ye, if you have not stained your filthy hands, and if the thirsty shadows be not incensed, because you have deprived them of some of the sweet blood that they love!"

"Curse me not, mother," replied the boy ; "curse yourself, if you will: for any body might have known, that the beautiful moon would rather never shine any more, than shine upon such a wicked woman as you. Did you think, in truth, that the blood of a stolen lamb would ever propitiate Hecate? I am but a boy, and yet I told you better."

"Imp of Alecto!" quoth she, "execrable spawn of all the furies! Hold thy peace, foul thing, or I will try whether no other blood may make the charm work better!"

"Beware, beware!" quoth the boy, leaping backwards, "beware what you do! Remember, I am no longer so weak that I must bear all your blows." And as he said so, there was just a gleam of light enough to shew me, that he brandished above his head the bloody knife, with which he had slaughtered the victim at the witch's bidding.

"A curse now upon thee!" continued the witch, stamping her foot furiously, without however over-stepping the trench that separated them—"A foul curse upon thee! and a foul curse since I am bid to say so, upon the womb that bare thee! And I would curse the loins that begat thee also: but that were needless, for the sea is deep, and the strong hounds of Father Ocean will keep what they have fanged."

"Ha, ha, mad mother," quoth the boy, (and I know not whether I ever heard any sound so hideous as that laugh of his;) "say you so, mad mother of mine? and so also will the strong hounds of old mother earth."

"And at that moment the moon shone out again once more from among the lucid clouds, and I saw that two of those lean dogs, such as I had observed before in that region, had come close up to the woman, and were already beginning to lap the blood from out the trench before her eyes. And then it seemed as if all the wrath she had before manifested, were but as nothing; for instead of doing any thing to scare them from their feast, she sat down beside them, and wrapping her long cloak once more around her, began to curse, in her madness, the very power to which her pray-

ers had been addressed ; and the low steady tone in which she now poured forth her imprecations, appeared to me a thousand times more fearful than the previous loudness of her angry screaming.

"Ay," said she, "look forth now from thy cloud,—look forth now, beautiful moon, and listen, if thou hast hearing as well as light, to the foul tongues that are lapping the blood of thy sacrifice ! So be it with all the blood that is ever henceforth shed for thee ! So fare it with all that ever put trust in thee, false, accursed Hecate ; for though thou ridest high in the blue heaven, yet hell is thy birthplace, and hell holds no dæmon falsier than thee, beautiful, accursed, execrable moon ! A curse upon thy false smiling face ! May the steam of the hot blood they are drinking, arise up and blot thee out forever from the face of the sky ! Set quickly in darkness, false harlot moon, and console thee in Tartarus, with the ghost of thine Endymion !" And she also concluded her cursing with laughter as full of scorn and rage, as that of her boy had been of savage triumph and delight. And then she arose again from the ground, and stooping over the trench, began to caress with her hands the lean dogs, that had by this time well nigh lapped up all the blood.

"Ha, ha ! pretty pets of mine," quoth she, in a fondling tone, "would it not have been very hard to deprive you of your feast ! Bones enow ! I warrant me, have ye picked already, since the sun, whose light ye hate, went down, and the moon, that is so dear to us all, began to shine among the tombs of these proud Romans ; and why should ye not have wine, and the strongest and richest of wine too, to wash down your banquet withal ? Drink on, pretty creatures, and quaff deeply, and then ye shall have sweet slumbers in some lordly cemetery, which it were foul shame to leave for the habitation of the dead alone. Sweet slumbers shall ye have, in spite of all the haughty Manes that may shudder at your presence ; and ye shall rub your crimsoned chops upon the finest urn of them all, and the brightest of their eternal lamps shall keep watch over your heavy slumbers.—Drink on, sweet lips, and drink deeply, and leave not a single drop behind you ; and be sure you salute yon high-sailing, chaste, proud Dian, with a thankful howl, ere you creep to your resting place." So saying, she turned once more to the boy, who stood shivering over against her. And "what ?" quoth she, (again resuming her angry tone) "what is this foul pest ? and why is it that thou darest to stand by there with that idiot face of thine, while I am cherishing my darlings ? Have at him, pretty dogs, have at him !—Tear him life and limb, and see whether his blood be not the sweeter of the two."

'And then with hissing and grinding of her teeth, and furious clapping of her bony hands, she strove, as it seemed to the utter-

most to excite the obscene creatures against the boy; and they, crouching with their bellies on the ground, and wagging their tails, began in truth to howl upon him terribly, while he, knife in hand, seemed to fear and to prepare him for the onset.

‘But when one of them did crouch nearer, and appeared to be really on the point of springing upon the lad, I could no longer refrain from calling out; and “stop,” said I, “cruel woman, for there are eyes that you think not of, to take note of your wickedness—stop, and call off your bloody dogs, and stand upon your guard, boy, and be of good courage.” And at the same time, I hurled down one of the great loose stones that were on the top of the wall, which rolled on and bounded into the ditch beside them; and the dogs, hearing the sound of the stone, immediately crept away yelping, and the old woman, huddling her cloak over her head, began to run swiftly away from us, along the wall over which we were leaning. The boy only stood still for a moment, and looked upwards towards the place where we were, and then he also fled along the shade of the wall, but in the opposite direction from that, in which Pona was running.

‘And Dromo, whose teeth were chattering in his head, said to me, in a very piteous whisper, but not till all of them were quite out of sight,—“Heaven and earth preserve us! was ever such madness as yours, to scare the witch from the place of her incantation, and to hurl a stone into the consecrated trench? Alas! for you and for me, sir,—and, most of all, alas for Sextus—for I fear me after this, we shall have no luck in counteracting the designs of Rubellia.”’ vol. ii. pp. 147—161.

This night’s occupation, however, did not terminate for Valerius with witnessing the incantations of Pona. The company of christian believers, to which Athanasia belonged, had assembled by stealth to celebrate their sacred rites, in the monument of the family of the Sempronii. Having sat down upon the steps of this monument without, he drops asleep from the effects of the fatigue and exertion of the day, and is soon awakened by an armed person, who compels him to enter the tomb. This person was the leader of the party of persecuted christians, who were celebrating their sacred rites under cover of darkness, in the mansions of the dead. But though professedly and apparently the chief of the christians, this person—Cotilius by name—was a designing intriguer, who under pretence of a conversion to the new faith, had no other design, than to make use of the daily increasing influence of the christians, to effect a revolution in the state. Information of his intrigues and of his designs had been conveyed by spies to the

government: the motions of himself and of the party of christians had been watched; and at the moment in which Valerius had been led into their assembly in the manner just described, a party of troops conducted by Pona, who had served as the spy of the government on this occasion, arrived at the tomb of the Sempronii; and the whole party, including Valerius, who had thus undesignedly joined it, and Athanasia, who was one of the christian worshippers, was hurried off to different prisons. On their way to their respective places of confinement, Valerius is recognised by his old friend Sabinus, the centurion, by whose good offices in conjunction with those of other friends, he is immediately liberated. Athanasia is conducted to the Mamertine prison, of which the vaults still remain in unimpaired strength and dreariness, as when Jugurtha descending into them to his death, exclaimed, 'ye have a cold bath, Romans!' Cotilius, the traitor, was also conducted to the same prison, and was speedily executed within its courts. Athanasia is reserved for a more formal examination, by the emperor himself. She is saved by the courage and sagacity of Silo, the gaoler of the Mamertine, himself a convert to the christian faith, (who with the aid of Valerius, and of the access to the palace which his office as gaoler and his acquaintance with the secret passages of the edifice give him, succeeds in rescuing Athanasia,) and after some other interesting adventures escapes to the catacombs, the well known refuge while living, and cemetery when dead, of the early christians, and finally embarks with Valerius to Great Britain. Such is the conclusion of the story, of which the interest languishes a little toward the close. Before putting an end to our own notice, however, we cannot but lay before our readers another extract, in which a most extraordinary procession or pageant in honor of Cybele are described with a broadness approaching to caricature, but with great spirit and effect.

'So singing, they had not advanced much beyond the spot where we were standing, ere they stopped of a sudden their hitherto rapid dance of progress, and placing the chariot and image of Cybele between the pillars of one of the porticos that run out into the street, began a more stationary and solemn species of saitation, in front of the sacred emblems. When they had finished this dance also, and the more stately and measured chant of supplication with which it was accompanied, the priests then turned to the multitude, and called upon all those who revered the Didy-

mæan mysteries, and the awful powers of their goddess, to approach her image and offer their gifts. And immediately, when they had said so, the multitude that were beyond formed themselves into a close phalanx, quite across the street, and torches being conveyed into the hands of such as stood in the foremost rank, there was left forthwith in front of the image and of the priestly attendants an open space brightly illuminated, for the convenience, as it seemed, of those who might come forward to carry their offerings to the foot of the statue. And, indeed, it appeared as if these were not likely to be few in number; for the way being quite blocked up by those torch-bearers, no one could hope to pass on easily, without giving something, or to pass at all without being observed. Not a few chariots, therefore, and litters also, having been detained in consequence of the crowd upon the streets, the persons who were seated in these vehicles seemed to be anxious as soon as possible to present their offerings, that so the path onward might be cleared to them, by command of the priests. It was necessary, however, as it turned out, that each person in advancing to the chariot of Cybele, should imitate the dancing motions practised by the Galli themselves; and this circumstance, as may well be imagined, was far from being the most acceptable part of the ceremony to some of those who had thus been detained. A few of the common sort, both men and women, advanced at once boldly into the open ring, and, with great appearance of joy, went through all the necessary gesticulations. But at first, none of the more lordly tenants of the chariots and litters seemed to be able to prevail on themselves to follow the example.

At length, however, the impatience even of these dignified persons began to overcome their reluctance; one and another red-edged gown was seen to float in lofty undulations across the torch-lighted stage, and when a handful of coin was heard to ring upon the basin of the goddess, you may take it for granted the priests half cracked their cheeks in blowing horn and trumpet, and clattered upon their great tamborines, at least as violently as if they had made prize of another Atys. But how did the centurion chuckle when he observed, (for we by this time had squeezed very near to the statue,) that one of the next chariots was no other than that of Rubellia herself, and perceived that she and the Stoic were now about to pass onwards like the rest, at the expense both of giving money to the lions of Cybele, and of exhibiting their agility before the eyes of all that multitude.

"Jove in heaven!" cried he, "I thought the garden scene was all in all; but this beats it to atoms! Behold how the sturdy Thracian tucks up his garment above his sinewy knee, and how nodding to the blows of the tamborine, he already meditates within himself the appropriate convolutions of the dance. And

the pretty widow ! by the girdle of Venus, she is also pointing her trim toe, and look ye ! better and better, do you not see that she has given her veil to the Stoic, that so she may perform the more expeditely ?”

“ I see it all,” said I, “ but do speak lower, dear Sabinus ; for to be sure they would neither of them poise themselves half so gracefully, if they thought we were observing them.”

“ Hush,” quoth he, turning his head another way, “ I suspect the Stoic’s eye has already caught us.”

‘ Hearing this, I should of course have looked, after the example of the centurion, in another direction ; but I know not if you have experienced what I have often done, that, as if under the influence of some serpentine fascination, one’s eyes are in such situations extremely apt to rest themselves just on the object which most of all they should avoid. And so it was with me ; for instead of looking away, I perversely directed my eyes right on the philosopher, who was so near that he could not possibly mistake me, or dream of my mistaking him for any one but himself. And he also, perhaps, fascinated like myself in the style of which I have been speaking, although it was too evident that the sight of me was extremely unwelcome, appeared, nevertheless, to be constrained to keep his optics fixed on me,—insomuch that I could not refrain from saluting him, to which he replied by a very low bow, and an unfortunate attempt towards a smile of courtesy. The widow, who could not help seeing what passed between us, saluted me also, but with an air of considerable confusion, for the blood mounted into her face, and suffused, for a moment, with deep crimson, both her neck and arms ; and altogether, it was manifest that our recognition of her, in such a situation and in such company, had affected her with much perturbation. The centurion, however, who had by this time turned round again, no sooner saw the ice was broken, than in he plunged with a volley of dashing compliments—betraying in nothing either surprise, or any extraordinary species of feeling, beyond what is common when acquaintances chance to fall in with each other fortuitously. “ All hail,” said he, “ fair lady ! and all hail most reverend friend Xerophrastes ! what a beautiful moonlight evening this is ? Come, no shyness, old cock of Hymettus ; foot it way, foot it away, man ! The lady will never have courage if you don’t give her your hand. Come now, and remember, my good friend, that even although you be a Stoic, you are an Athenian into the bargain. Come, polite sage, hop on, and convince us that philosophy has not quite washed out your original urbanity and elegance.”

‘ There was always so much good nature in the manner of the worthy centurion, that it was almost impossible for any one to be offended even by his sarcasms. His broad ruddy face seemed made

for the very habitation of smiles: his lips were even wreathed with benignity, not to be mistaken; and the tones of his voice were so rich and easy, that Thersites himself would not have dared to suspect them of malice. Yet, Xerophrastes, on this occasion, appeared to be by no means delighted with the style of his salutation. A frown passed very darkly over his forehead, and he turned to the blushing lady with an air of the highest impatience. She on her part, although she was probably far from deriving any pleasure from what had passed, had the wit to disguise, in some measure, the feelings of her mind. She cast, therefore, a smile of airy and good-humoured rebuke (such at least it was designed to be) upon the mirthful centurion, and said, "Come, Sabinus, methinks it might become you better to offer me your hand yourself for this sacred dance, than to play off your jokes so upon Xerophrastes, who cannot help himself any more than the rest of us. Come, centurion, I insist upon having your company." "My dear lady," quoth the centurion, advancing close to Rubellia, "you well know that my services are always at your disposal; but it seems to me that you are already engaged for the dance; and I am sure you will break the heart of Xerophrastes, if you disappoint him, now that he has tightened his girdle, and tucked up his mantle, and made so many preparations. No, no; the luck is his for this time; don't let him be deprived of it. You see how conscientious I am, my dear Stoic; no more words I pray you. Lead forth your fair partner; and Valerius and I, since we can do no better, shall follow in your train." Xerophrastes heard all this with a countenance but little mollified. He turned, however, once more to the lady; and then forcing another smile, and gathering up the folds of his garment, no longer hesitated. She gave her hand, therefore, to the sage, and both catching the beat of the instruments, forthwith sprung into the open place, and advanced with the usual motions towards the statue of the goddess. There was a good deal of constraint, it is not to be denied, in the manner of the lady; yet on the whole, she acquitted herself in a style that bespoke her familiarity with all graceful exercises. But it was far otherwise with the stately disciple of the Porch, who, although he displayed brawny limbs, and abundance of agility after a fashion, yet executed every movement in a way so unequivocally rustic, that not a few of the youthful bystanders were not to be restrained from tittering when they contemplated his clumsiness.

"Well done, well done," quoth one.

"The rhetorician for ever!" cried another, clapping his hands.

"Take care, Master Philosopher," said a third, "your mantle is sweeping up all the dust."

Xerophrastes hearing this last ejaculation, could not help

looking behind him, to see as to the condition of his garments ; and then the titter became universal ; for the truth is, he had drawn them up very tightly, and indeed much higher than was necessary, even for the full exhibition of his limbs. With less than Stoical equanimity did he regard the crowd of laughers behind him ; and of truth, the last part of his dancing was yet more awkward than the first. The munificence of Rubellia, however, gained to her all the applauses of the sacred functionaries. The tiaraed heads were bowed in reverence before her ; and she and her companion, after having deposited their contributions, were cheered out of the circle with a most cordial peal of drum, horn, and trumpet.

‘ While this peal yet continued in all its vociferation, the jolly centurion touched me gaily on the elbow, and saying, “ Now for it, Valerius ; have you your sesterces ready,” leaped forth with a most warlike and determined air, having his hands stuck in his sides, and causing the folds of his sagum to vibrate in a wonderful manner, by the potent exertitation of his well-strung muscles. The contrast between the reluctant clumsiness of the sulky philosopher, and the ready, and well satisfied hilarity of his successor, was by no means lost upon the multitude of spectators ; inso-much, that the very first appearance of the new performer was greeted by an universal clapping of hands and every other manifestation of delight. Instead of being offended by their mirth, the Prætorian distributed his smiles on every side ; and observing a buxom young woman in one corner, who seemed afraid to trust herself before so many eyes, he without interrupting his step, took her gallantly by the hand, and so performed the rest of the dance in a manner which yet more increased the satisfaction of all who were looking on it. The girl had a few pence in her hand ; but the centurion would not permit her to pay any thing, laying down himself a double ransom, and saying, perhaps rather too audibly, “ No, no, pretty maid ; you have given enough to the goddess since she has beheld your blushes.” The maiden’s blushes were not probably diminished by all this courtesy from a person of such a figure ; but, however that might be, even the priests of Cybele were well pleased with the centurion, and I think that his good humour procured for him a parting salute, not much less violent than had been purchased by all the magnificence of the widow. I know not what it was, that all this while kept me back ; but I could not at that moment, when Sabinus began, gather confidence to begin with him ; and then his dancing attracted so much notice, that it would have been a sort of intrusion, had any one entered to occupy the space till he was done with it. I waited, therefore, in hopes of being able to go forth with some more ordinary group of performers ; but no such opportunity immediately

occurred. One of the next that exhibited himself, was a very red-nosed senator, whose gestures threw even those of Xerophrates completely into the shade. He appeared to be laboring under the relics of a grievous gout, for he had his feet wrapped round with I know not how many folds of linen, and whenever he essayed to spring from the ground, one would have thought he had trodden upon some nest of aspicks. His hands meanwhile were held far out from him, and clenched bitterly, and at every successive bound I could see him grinding his teeth for agony. Whether it had been so, that the man was well known among them, I cannot say; but if it were so, his character must certainly have been held in little favor by the multitude; for to every sardonic grin of his, the faces round him replied by shewing all their teeth; and one of the little boys, following close at his heels, was not withheld by any respect for the laticlave, from imitating all the gestures both of his infirmity and of his ill nature. I took it for granted, that he must needs be some greedy and usurious old extortioner; and, indeed, the offering he deposited neither sounded very loudly on the basin of the goddess, nor received any great marks of thankfulness from the music of the priests.' vol. iii, pp. 36—60.

The foregoing remarks and extracts will give our readers a tolerably accurate idea of the work. In many parts we think the hand of a first rate master may be traced, and much learning and power are visible throughout. There are other pictures of Roman life, besides those we have mentioned, and equally well hit off; among these the prætorian camp, and the funeral exposition and the marriage. Among the sketches we should have been glad to have seen retraced, are those of a triumphal procession and the funeral array of images.

ART. XXI.—*State Prisons and the Penitentiary System vindicated, with observations on managing and conducting these institutions, drawn principally from experience. Also some particular remarks and documents relating to the Massachusetts State Prison, by an officer of this establishment at Charlestown.* S. Etheridge, Charlestown, 1821. pp. 63.

THERE is no object of legislation, in this country, that excites more various opinions, than that of the penal code, and the system of punishment to be adopted under it. At the